

Leo Meek

The first time it happened he hid in the woods until the moon went down, scaring the hell out of the friendly forest folk who couldn't

begin to understand. The next afternoon he went to the only doctor he could afford, a man without a phone whose office shifted mysteriously

from one block to the next nearly every week. On the wall was his diploma from Transylvania City College. That night he held up

a mirror and made his diagnosis: "Lycanthrophy," he said, "rarer than hen's teeth." Leo watched all night and in the morning

he saw his splendid muzzle and shiny teeth dwindle to the lackluster chinlessness of himself. He paid the doctor and took to

the woods, waiting for the transmogrification. Then he prowled, killing and feeding, pretending not to notice

the hot smell of the bitch who trailed him. Finally gorged, he growled his demands. Cowed, she ate and then he mounted her.

By dawn he was holed up in his room, curtains drawn, cursing the light, hating his flabby body, waiting for the coming of night and life.